THE WORLD

AND SOLE OF THE REAL PROPERTY.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 14.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage), PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$8.50.

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Circulation Books Always Open.

"WORLD" GROWTH

STRIKINGLY SHOWN.

The Average Number of "WORLDS Printed Daily and also the Average Number of Advertisements Published Daily during the First Six Months of the Years 1884 and 1888 were as follows:

Average Number Advertisements Daily,

1888.

THE EVENING WORLD Stereopticon casts its legends and cartoons on the journalistic canvas to-day for the first time.

Such a feature was never before attempted by any newspaper in the history of journalism, and we trust that its popularity will equal its novelty.

Our stereopticon man has instructions to run his apparatus in sprightly and independent fashion, emphasizing salient happenings in political and other fields, hitting the passing follies, showing up abuses by a sentence in his calcium light, but dealing "on the square" with everybody, politicians in-

WELCOMB HOME.

The welcome extended to New York's own and only CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW on the arrival of the steamer Ems yesterday was a complete success. It beat the BLAIME welcome which was spoiled by an anti-climax. It outshone the JAKE KILBAIN welcome, which never reached a climax at all. There was no disappointment, very little delay, plenty of hospitality on the Sam Sloan, and everybody was in good order and better temper.

Mr. DEPEW may well feel proud of the consideration he receives from his fellow-citizens. He has the satisfaction of knowing that it is shown not in the hope of favors to come from a possible President or Premier, but because of his personal qualities. In the crowd which met him in the bay were railroad men, personal friends, politicians, poets and reporters, all vying with each other in the beartiness of their welcome. Of course there was a Republican tinge to the affair, as was manifested by the Silas Wegg of the occasion, who greeted the returning statesman with the couplet, " Have you heard the again!" But he speedily threw off this allusion to politics when he waved his cap and "Welcome to you, CHAUNCEY DEPEW."

No doubt Mr. DEPEW will the better appreciate yesterday's demonstration of the regard in which be is held because it comes without a hope of political favors, at least for the present, and is a tribute to him as a good fellow and not as a candidate for office.

THE HOPPMAN HOUSE MYSTERY.

It is now supposed that the man who committed suicide at the Hoffman House last Wednesday was EDWIN V. SEEBOHM, the dramatist. A tab was found sewed in the inside pocket of his overcost marked "SMALPAGE & Son, Maddox street, Bond street, London. E. V. SEEBOHM esq." This is the ordinary tab a tailor puts on some hidden part of a garment, with the name of the customer for whom it is made. SMALPAGE & Son are well-known London lailors, who do a large business in the United

While it is not certain that this establishe the identity of the deceased, the evidence is strengthened by the discovery of the letter * S " carefully covered with brown paper on one of the travelling bags found among his effects, and the letter "E." which seems to have been accidentally left on a garment from which other letters had been cut. No doubt the mystery will soon be cleared up. But if the deceased was really the dramstist, the case will illustrate how easily one trifling oversight may upset the most carefully arranged plans. The accused took the greatest pains, evidently, to remove all trace of his identity, and this little tab, overlooked by bim, destroys all his efforts at concealment, elaborately as they were carried out.

A PROVIDENCE SENSATION.

The quiet city of Providence must be sadly m need of a sensation when it is stirred to its depths by the discovery that a mature lady who has entered upon the last decade of half a century of existence was quietly married about five months ago to a young man of good family and nineteen summers, beging to a leading and wealthy Providence

The marriage took place in Brooklyn and was kept a profound secret in Rhode Island stil ciscovered by the young husband's fam-Hr. As he is of the "age of consent," how-

ever, and as the bride has certainly arrived at years of discretion, even without taking into consideration the fact that she is a widow with five children and has kept a boarding-house, it would seem that no one has any right to interfere in the matter. But the friends of the youthful Benedict have thought otherwise, and have spirited him away. The bereaved wife is resolved that she will recover her lost property, and the excitement of this new love chase is what has set the Providence gossips at work over their tea tables.

The friends of the young man would do wisely not to interfere, but to let things take their course. His bride can show him motherly as well as wifely affection, and she is old enough to be his guide as well as his He Couldn't Even Be a Laborer on partuer in life. If he has preferred to take love at its noontide rather than its early dawn, he has a perfect right to the choice, It is often said that a young girl, when she marries, does wisely to select a husband old enough to command her respect as well as affection. Why should not the same rule apply to a young man?

It is probable that Mr. BENNETT may die and leave the mystery of the murderous attack made upon him unsolved. Yet the stolen watch is a clue which ought to lead to the dotection of the criminal. If stolen by a thief it can scarcely fail to be traced. If hidden for the purpose of diverting suspicion, it is not probable that it will long remain undiscovered.

Miss Lent, the young woman who stole a liamond ring and pin from a Brooklyn jeweller, now samits that she took ring to give to a young man whose ring she had lost. Why she took the pin also is not explained. But the girl is evidently a kleptomaniac, and it is said that the prosecution will be aban-

Senator Ives has taken his Republican associates on the Senate Trust Investigating Committee to task for postponing the inquiry until after election. Mr. Asnolp endeavors to explain. But everybody knows that the keynote of the ''Defense of Trusts" sounded by BLAINE is the true cause of the abandonment of the investigation by the Committee.

The drowning of five persons in the Hudson River yesterday was due to rottenness of the boat in which they went for a sail. Who is responsible for the condition of the boat and for letting it out for hire?

POLITICAL NOTES.

The handsome campaign banner bearing the portraits of Cleveland and Thurman which spans Broadway at Worth street belongs to the Wholesaie Dry-Goods Dealers' Cleveland and Thurman Club, which has its headquarters near there and now numbers over 1, 200 members.

The Prohibitionists are going to have a great pow-wow to-morrow evening in the grounds of the departed Wild West show at Erastina, S. I. There will be a joint political debate between John Lloyd Thomas, representing the State Prohibition Committee, and Dr. O. F. Burton, representing the State Republican Committee. The subject will be "Probibition vs. the Tariff as a Political Issue."

Thomas C. T. Crain, a rising young man in Tammany, has just returned from a successful cam paign tour in the interior of the State. He made many speeches along the line of the Monawk and in Herkimer County in support of Cieveland and Thurman. Be reports that Gov. Hill is very popular in the northern part of the State, and that his name was everywhere greeted

The Secretary of the Young Men's Democratic Club has received word from Col. Henry Watterson that he will surely speak at the Democratic mass meeting in Cooper Union to-night. His subject will be "On the Two Platforms."

The meeting promises to be one of the most important in the campaign. Besides Col. Watterson. Col. Fellows, De Lancey Nicoll, E. Ellery Anderon, Everett P. Wheeler, Col. William I and Peter B. Oiney will speak. The voters of the Seventh and Ninth Election

districts of the Nineteenth Assembly District have organized a Henry D. Purroy Campaign Club. Michael Ryan, President: John Heiss, Vice-Presi ient; Francis S. Heil, Tressurer; Edward J. Rauscher, Secretary; James Docharty, Sergeantat-Arms.

Commissioner John R. Voorbis, the County Democratic leader in the Ninth District, has put into necessful operation a cleverly devised plan of political organization. He has divided his Assemoly district into three districts, each of which has a eparate campaign club made up of County Democrats, and which assist the main organization in its work. These clubs are doing much to make the district's majority for the Democratic National and State tickets something phenomenal.

WORLDLINGS.

W. D. Howells, the author, was once a composi or on a country newspaper in Ohlo. He is remembered as one who had few companions and rarely took part in the sports and lests of the composing

The richest man in Washington of the old res dents is John W. Thompson. He is between fifty and sixty years of age and began life as a plumber. The great bulk of his fortune was made in real

A writer in the Leavenworth (Kan.) Times says that the notorious raider Quantrell is not only not dead, but is at present in the West, where, under an assumed name, he supports himself by teaching school in winter and working on a ranch in sum

One of the richest men ine Washington, Samuel Norment, the millionaire bank president, was once a Government clerk. Another old-time depart-ment clerk who is now very rich is Mr. Bryan, who got his start by organizing the post-office system of Japan. He is said to have made \$100,000 a year ever since his return from Japan.

Guests at the Hotels.

L. J. Turner, of Baltimore; F. A. Chick, of Boaton, and A. C. Noble, of New Britain, Conn., are at the Hoffman. Prominent at the Albemarie are Thomas A. awton, of Newport; J. W. Alisson, of Washington, and C. C. Hall, of Haltimore. Stopping at the Branswick are J. A. Richardson of St. Louis; G. F. Wilson, of Providence, R. L. and A. E. Dickinson, of England.

G. S. McKeynoids, of Chicago; Rev. Crawford Jackson, of Cochran, Ga., and Dr. J. W. Pisher, of Milwaukee, are at the Grand Hotel.

Richard Stockton, of New Jersey; Adolph Myers, of New Orleans; F. W. Boyd, of Cincianat, and Theodore Warnock, of Cieveland, are at the St. James.

Among the Sturtevant House guests are E. M. Dennia, of New London, Conn.; Houtman Baker, of Philadelphia; Capt. F. E. Pierce, U. S. A., of California, and C. W. Peak, of Cheisea, Mass. At the the Fifth Avenue Hotel are Henry Mc-Laughlin, of St. Louis; C. H. Pettei, of Louisville; Brnest Haywood, of Raleigh, N. C.; T. N. Ln-coin, of Hartford, Conn.; P. S. Conner, of Cin-cinnati, and T. W. E. Best, of St. Louis. Among the latest arrivals at the Astor House are G. F. Dawson, of Washington; G. M. Graves, of Chicago; A. G. Martin, of Philadelphia; W. E. Daveoport, of Boaton; J. T. Key, of Shottleid, England, and H. S. Wickes, of Kanass.

An "Evening World" Man's Quest for Employment.

A Little Co-operative Scheme Confided to Him.

His Fifth Day.

Notwithstanding his numerous discourage ments, a fifth day found THE EVENING WORLD seeker after honest employment started out on another pilgrimage.

While the reporter and some others were swaiting the arrival of the advertiser in one of the many places visited, the scribe became engaged in a conversation with a young man who was sitting alongside of him.

The young fellow got confidential among other things said, pointing down the line of applicants: A LITTLE SCHEME.

" See those two fellows down there? Well, we three are working a little scheme something on the co-operative plan. They are friends of mine and every day we take turns in buying THE WORLD. Its hard work getting a job, but THE WORLD is by far the best assistant we have. We look over the advertisements and each picks out the place he thinks himself best fitted for. The fellow this side is a bookkeeper and the other used to be a saleman. I can work at anything. "When we first started out two months ago

"When we first started out two months ago on this scheme, my brother, who had just landed in this country, and a friend of his used to buy the paper with us. They got jobs about a month ago, one as a porter and the other as a watchman. You see, it's a big scheme, and it saves two cents; and when a fellow is looking for a job he wants to save all he can. I guess I've spent a ten-dollar note in car-fares already."

AN ADVERTISEMENT AND A PICTURE. The scribe commenced his day's work by calling in answer to the following advertise-

As a grocery clerk he would no doubt be a success, he reasoned. Certainly he could weigh sugar, coffee, tea and measure potatoes. Almost any one could do that. So with his mind firmly set upon becoming a "first class" clerk the scribe entered the store. It was a large establishment and as he entered the reporter drew a mental picture of himself, with an apron before him, measuring out a fair quart of peaches for some fairer customer. As a grocery clerk he would no doubt be His thoughts were interrupted by a volce

which said:
"Well, sir, what do you want?"
The scribe turned and beheld in the questioner a young man, to whom he said, THE PICTURE BEMAINS.

"I called in answer to your ad"—
"Ever had experience?" interrupted the other with the old stereotyped question,
"Oh, yes," equivocated the reporter, while a pang shot through his heart at the prevariention.

a pang shot through his heart at the prevarication.

"Well, the boss ain't in," was the answer.

"He got one man for the downtown store
this morning and he'll want another for
here," said the clerk.

"How much salary will he pay?" asked
the inquistive seeker.

"About \$10, I guess. Come in to-morrow
morning and you'll see him. He won't be
here to-day."

With this injunction the scribe left. He
had called early, still one other had got ahead
of him.

LOOKED LIKE A SNAP.

He looked at his list again and beheld in cold type an advertisement calling for a watchman, and stating further that the lucky person who secured the job would have to do

day service only.

Here was promised a snap, and the scribe paddled off and was soon standing in front of a large building on Broadway.

He didn't see anything to watch excepting the didn't see anything to watch excepting the standard of the standard of

the many signs which lined the entrance to the stairway. He finally found the person who inserted the advertisement, made known to him the object of his visit and was sudden-ly cut off with this: "We've got a man." That evidently settled it, and the scribe

left.
"This sort of thing is getting monotonous," he mused. "Suppose I try another kind of a clerkship."

IN THE CLOTHING LINE.

Then the following caught his eye: CLERK - Wanted, several clothing stock clerks. Apply to the superintendent of the retail department after

It was after 9 o'clock, as the advertisement said it must be, when the scribe entered the store. He was stopped by a salesman at the door with an inquiring "Weil, sir?"

"I am an applicant for the position advertised this morning," said the seeker.

"Oh, yes," said the salesman. "You go through here," and he pointed to another portion of the store.

The scribe went, and found seated near the door on a settee seven young men, while

door on a settee seven young men, while standing about the place were an equal num-ber. The scribe guessed they were his fellow applicants, and upon approaching one of their number his guess was confirmed.

approants, and upon approaching one of their number his guess was confirmed.

"Has the superintendent been here yet?" asked the reporter of one of the number.

"Yes." was the reply. "He took one applicant away with him and told us to wait," The scribe also waited.

Shortly afterwards the superintendent approached. He went directly over to one young man and abruptly began thus:

"Have you references?"

The young man showed his letters, and the superintendent read them and then invited the applicant over to one of the counters.

Returning, he took another young man in the same direction.

He soon came back again, and approaching the reporter, inquired:

the reporter, inquired :
"Where have you worked last?" SUCCESSFUL PREVABICATION. This unexpected query almost stunned the

scribe, but with a mental prayer for forgiveness he answered satisfactorily. He really had to. had to.
"How long were you there?" came next.
Then followed the other and usual questions as to qualifications, which the scribe evidently answered satisfactorily, for the superintendent told him to call at 3 o'clock the next Friday.

A DASH AT CARPENTRY. Pending the issue in the clothing store, the eporter resolved to try something else, and elected this for the experiment. CARPENTER WANTED who understands seah-mak

A call for the manager elicited the information that he was not in. The scribe waited for some time, but as the man did not appear he left the place, the four applicants who were there before him making their exit after him, and he next went in answer to an adventional with for a advertised wish for a YOUNG MAN for express wagon.

When he reached the office he was in-formed that a man had already been hired. LAST EFFORT FOR THE DAY.

Sick and tired out the seeker then started uptown to see what were the chances of se-curing a job as a laborer. An advertisement calling for ten men had appeared in the aper and \$1.75 per day would be paid to ADDRESSED TO MR. HOPPER, All hands were told to bring along shovels.

When the reporter arrived no one was about. The party who advertised had secured his ten men and the rest had gone WISE ADVICE. away.

The luckless scribe could not be even a laborer that day.

THIS IS A SERIOUS CHARGE.

Do the Physicians of the Brooklyn Central Dispensary Thus Neglect Patients? To the Editor of The Evenine World:

I am a reader of THE EVENING WORLD, and notice that it is a very valuable paper for the people: that it ferrets out abuses and impositions on the public and hammers away at them until it has gained the victory. I wish to state my experience of the Brooklyn Central Dispensary, located at No. 312 Raymond street and No. 115 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, and I have no doubt it has been the experience of scores of mothers. About a month ago I went to the Dispensary with my sick child at 1 o'clock, as my carl stated, 'come at 1 o'clock.' Dr. Madren, who was there at the time, and Dr. Madren, who was there at the time, and who was supposed to be on duty, left at least twenty mothers with sick children without the least attention and went away, leaving word with the apothecary that if he was not back by 2.30 o'clock for him to call another dector. Mothers with their sick children wasted and waited in vain until 4.15 o'clock, and had to go home sick at heart and with no aid whatever for the lit is sick ones that we brought. Vosterday (Tuesday Sout with no aid whatever for the lit'le sick ones that we brought. Yesterday (Tuesday, Sept. 11) I called again with my sick child in all the rain. I held a card with the name Dr. Healey on it. I was there from 9.45 o'clock until 3.30 o'clock, and did not see Dr. Healey nor any other doctor to take his place. There were seven mothers with their sick children in the same lamentable position. After waiting and worrying we had to return home with our sick babes not having had the least attention. Is there not room for improvement? If

these doctors, who are supposed to be on duty at the Dispensary, have such a large private practice that they cannot attend to the Dispensary for a few hours to which they have been assigned, why do they not give way to some physicians that will be able to devote a little of their time to the wants of the sick, needy poor, for which such dispensaries were established and are upheld by the State and charitably disposed.

Mrs. Bleil,

85 Fourteenth street, Brooklyn.

NOW FOR THE TROY CONVENTION. Over 250 Labor Organizations Will Have

The Central Labor Union's Committee of len appointed some time ago to issue a call for a convention of delegates from all the labor organizations of the State for the

avowed purpose of demanding the repeal of the conspiracy law and taking action against all legislative candidates who do not favor the wishes of organized labor in the matter. met last night at 145 Eighth street. It was reported that 257 organizations had reported that they had selected delegates

who would be on hand at Troy next Monday, and that the barbers, painters, waiters, cigar-makers, cabinet makers and three organizations of carpet-workers have signified their intention of sending representatives. Nearly all the organizations represented in the Central Labor Union have elected delegates to the convention.

Central Labor Union have elected delegates to the convention.

The delegates of this city will meet at Clarendon Hall Sunday afternoon and leave in time to take the steamer for Troy at the foot of Christopher street at 5 p. m.

An interview with a prominent member of the Committee of Ten revealed the fact that the current sentiment of the delegates from this city is favorable to Gov. Hill for re-election, though the matter is kept as secret as possible.

possible.

The delegates expect that the Governor will declare himself in no uncertain terms in regard to the conspiracy law, but it is not believed that Warner Miller will put himself on record as opposing his party in that matter.

The Republican party managers are said to be anxious only about their Presidential nominee as far as the Troy Convention is concerned, and will sacrifice everything to conciliate the labor vote. They are scared at the great popularity of the Governor among the labor classes, and are ready to make any kind of a deal to save the head for their ticket.

Notes in the Labor Field. The Building Trades Section meets to-night.
All the Labor Reformers are going to Troy on

Labor leaders declare that they will elect several members of the Legislature from this city in No-" We will dictate the election of a President and

The Central Labor Union is head over beels again in politics. Nearly all its delegates, after the meeting on Sunday, will leave for Troy.

"We hold the balance of power this time," said Edward Conklin, the head of the Progressive Painters, in speaking of the Troy Convention. Every Republican who opposed the repeal of the Conspiracy law and who is a candidate for re-elec-tion to the State Senate or Assembly will be op-posed by organized labor.

The veteren pressman, Isaac Wood, has been selected to call the Troy Convention to order next Monday morning at 10 colock. Matthew Barr, the clever head of the Tin and Sheet-Iron Workers' Union, will act as temporary scribe.

The State and Metal Roofers' Association of employers has issued a circular announcing that there is no question of wages or hours involved with the union workmen, but one of siguing a yearly agreement, which they decline to do. As a result 250 hands are still out on strike.

Frank K. Foster, a prominent labor man and editer and publisher of the Labor Leader, of Roston, is in the city on business. He is accompanied by ex-Councilman Cherrington, a labor reformer, also of the Hub. Both gentlemen report matters quiet among the unions and Kuights at Boston. Miss Leonora M. Barry, General Investigator of the Women's Department, Knights of Labor, will deliver a lecture to female carpet-workers this evening. The meeting will be a public one, held under the auspices of the Freedom Labor Clue, and all female members of the trade are cordially in-wited to attend.

Too Nice for Poor Folks.



Belinds-What handsome stone structure is that, Charite ? Belinda's Lover-The county poorhouse, dar-

ing.
"The poorhouse! Why, I didn't know that
poor people could afford to live in such a beautiful
building as that."

Nearly Exhausted. Young Man (to editor)—Did you receive a poem rom me, sir? Editor-I believe I did.

Young Man—After looking it over were you able to do anything with it? Editor—Yes, I had just strength enough left to throw it in the oasket.

AN OPEN LETTER BRIM FULL OF FREE AND

Nome Interesting Suggestions to the Tall Comed an-Alan Dale Lays Bare a Plan by Which the Great De Wolf May Last Many Years-Judicious Study Needed to Tighten His Hold Upon the Pickle Public.

ear Mr. Hopper It seems rather absurd to address you in such rigidly formal manner when a friendly "An, there, De Wolf !" would really cost nothing more Still there is a certain decorum about pen-and-ink forced to make our little bow to conventionality at Consider that I have made mine with

'Dear Mr. Hopper."
I have so much that I want to say to you, Mr. Hopper, that I hardly know where to begin. I have seen pondering over you, old man, in the dark watches of the night, when your big, gaunt form stood threateningly before me, your comedy augh grated on my unprotected ear and the tumultuous energy of your horse-play menaced any criticism by simply rendering serious comment impossible. I awok this morning "filled with a new resolve," like the heroes in the penny dreadfuls. The result is this letter. You are a great favorite in this big theatrical

city, Mr. Hopper. Your presence in any of Col. McCaull's delightful productions is always halled as a pleasurable event. We go to the theatre perfectly convinced that we shall laugh as soon as you appear. We all know exactly why we shall be moved to risibility. The fact that we may have seen you previously in six or seven operas goes for nothing. Your are the same in all of them, and just at present we encourage you in your struggle for similarity. Later on-for we are an ungrateful, fickle, thoroughly capricious pack-we shall call you to account for this very virtue.

I don't profess to be better than my kind, but I am anxious that you shall not be taken unprepared. You have been such a kindly entertainer for so long, and you have excited such friendly feelings even in those who are fully aware of the fact that you are utterly inartistic, that you deserve a better fate than that I see in store for you.

We live in a quick, ungracious time, when in novation is the very essence of success. The taste of the public changes with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Methods which pleased us a decade ago we cor dially despise to-day, though we may be ashamed to admit the fact. The feverish desire for novelty occasionally deals a blow to art.

The "good old times" are losing their value for as-they never had any for me. Perhaps we talk lovingly at times of Peg Woffington, of Mrs. Siddons, of Rachei and other favorites of whom traditions and ancestors have glowingly told us. I do not believe they could pay the rentals of our theatres to-day. Our ideas have changed-for the better, I optimistically hold.

To come back to you, Mr. Hopper; you can skip all the rest if you like. You are a father, I think. You are, therefore, aware of the fact that even infants will die from the monotony of a diet. However nutritious a food may be, it is absolutely essential to the welfare of a child that it be changed. The fickle taste of the mass is foreshadowed in that of the baby. It begs to change. its father demands It.

You see what I am getting at, 'don't you, Mr. Hopper ? Your methods as a comedian are just beginning to grow wearisome. They are always the same. The parts in which you appear are inwishes of the author; you have no idea of the artistic desires of the creator of the opera in which you appear. Every author is made to grovel in the De Wolf Hopper, original comedian.

This has gone on for a long time, and as yet you have not perceptibly suffered. But the number of people who openly dare to assert that De Wolf iopper fatigues them increases all the time, and it remains with you, old man, to slience them, if you meaning of the word versatility-if you think you

Il have seen you funny in moments when yo have not dared to be exuberant. You did not know you were smusing. I have seen you when you imagined yourself funny, tumbling over sofes and arranging yourself in acrobatic attitudes, a spectacle so melancholy that I would have hung a flag at half-mast outside the theatre had I been permitted to do so.

Your interpolations are extremely annoying. Not member of McCaull's foompany is ever sure of what you are going to say next. I have seen some unexpected saily of yours. This may be amusing once or twice. But it is so flagrantly unartistic, and so grossly contrary to the intentions of the author and composer that it ends by becom

The other night in "Boccaccio" you seriously annoyed that most charming of little singers, Miss Manola, by interrupting her unexpectedly and selfishly drawing attention to yourself. She was uttering the recitation at the end of the opera. You exciaimed in the middle of it: "Oh, anut

up." A few misguided people laughed. They encouraged you. You will do it again for their sakes. But let me tell you this, Mr. De Wolf Hopper, those people who laughed at this coarse interrur tion will be the very ones to tire of you first, and to tire of you most persistently. It is the way of the world.

aThat by a little judicious study of the question ou can tighten that hold upon the public and keer Give them variety, which is the spice of existence. Remember that buffoonery as an exclusive diet must bring disastrous results in the end. You recollect these lines:

The mouse that always trusts to one poor bole Can never be a mouse of any soul, Consider them the text of this effusion, my dear

Mr. Hopper. The Steingats Association. At a regular meeting of the Steingata Association, which was held at the club rooms, 31 Second avenue, Gus Kuhn was elected President and Wm.

ical association. News Summary. Brigands are giving trouble again in Bulgaria. In South Carolina cotton has begun to sprout in

H. Sohn Treasurer. This is an independent polit

Congressman Randall's condition is reported to be greatly improved.

The damage from floeds in Augusta, Ga., amounts to more than \$1,000,000. Burgiars raid two hotels at Cornwall, N. Y., and apture a considerable amount of boots. Admiral Luce says that the only way to kill yel-ow-fever microbes is to freeze them out. Mr. William H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, has been raised to the Peerage of England. Carl Schurz is not coming back to New York IIII late next mouth on account of the lliness of his

A daughter of Oakes Ames is married to Dr. Richard is Hart, of Philadelphia, at North Easton,

Two men are arrested in Jersey for the murder of Eilas Tranger, a deputy marshal, which occurred twenty-six years ago. A Providence young man who married a New York widow of twice his age, gets tired of his cl-derly bride and absconds.

An Italian steamer is sunk in a collision while entering the harbor at Port Luz, Canary Islands, and forty persons are drowned.

and forty persons are drowned.
Several cases of cambibalism are reported among
the Indians in the Canadian Northwest Territory,
where ramine and great destitution prevail.
Embezzier Pitcher, who skipped to Canada with
the funds of a Providence bank, is convicted by a
Montreal jury of tringing stolen property into the
Dominion. and freehens the mind. Try is if you feel tired all over. Hood's harsaparilis is sold by druggists. \$1; sax fo \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & OO., Lowell, Mass.

THE great benefits of MONRILL'S TRETHING CORDIAL,

IT WAS A DOUBLE COLLISION.

Engineer Powline's Machine Ran Away After He Had Been Killed. The story of the collision on the Erie road, near the entrance to the Bergen Hill tunnel in Jersey City, by which Engineer James H. Powliss, of engine 81, lost his life, was briefly told in yesterday's Sporting Extra of THE EVENING WORLD.

That collision was almost immediately followed by another, and the two accidents, oc-curring right in the city, created great ex-

when the first collision took place engine s1 was at a standstill. The shock started it off up the track and it dashed into local train No. 6, from Port Jervis, just as the latter drew out of the tunnel. Engineer Caskey, of the local, saw the runaway coming and reversed his lever, but couldn't get away.

There were five carloads of passengers, but only two were injured and those not seri-

onsiy.

The blame for the accident seems to have rested with the dead engineer, Powliss, of No. 81, though he may have been misled by wrong flagging. He should have waited on a switch until after the passing of the Greenwood Lake train, which figured in the first cottision.

CAN'T FRY THE FAT OUT.

Republicans Bewall the Meanness of Penn

sylvania Manufacturers. The protected industries of Pennsylvania have not as yet contributed a big boodle to the G. O. P. Campaign Committee, and Boss Quay has gone to the Keystone State on a

financial pilgrimage.

The millionaires who have made all their money under a high protective tariff, while their workingmen have starved and have

their workingmen have starved and have been on strike, are not disposed to "put up" a boodle, and the Republican National Committee men have decided to get down on their knees to the coal and iron barons.

It is said that up to date they have not chipped in altogether more than \$20,000, which is a mere flea bite to what they contributed four years ago. Boss Quay will read the riot act to the Pittsburg iron barons while he holds out his hat.

THE JOKE CONTEST.

It Will Be Decided as Soon as Judge N Returns to Town

It unfortunately happened that Judge Nye was called to the West by imperative business just as the Joke Contest was closing. His absence necessarily delays the decision of the competition, for according to the conditions only Mr. Nye can pass upon the merits of the five thousand witticisms submitted. Competitors may rest assured that, though the task of decidmg in such a contest is no sinecure, Judge Nye is attempting to perpetrate no joke in absenting himself. At the earliest possible date he will announce the successful prize, and it will be printed with name and address of the winner.

A FACE MISSED AT THE TOMBS.

Lawyer Wetjen Dies of Alcoholism in Belle vue Hospital.

Henry Moore Wetjen, a well-known Tombs lawyer, died at Bellevue Hospital yesterday. He was a German, forty-one years old, and occupied a furnished room at 88 Elm street, He was brought to the hospital last Tuesday suffering from alcoholism and phthisis.

Every one connected with the Tombs Prison and Court knew Wetjen. He was one of the old figureheads. His brother is John Moore, also a lawyer, who has an office at 150 Broadway. The deceased changed his name to Wetjen a number of years ago.

Mrs. Wetjen called at the hospital to-day and claimed the body. It will be interred in the Lutheran Cemetery.

The Escaped Ward's Island Prisoner. fo the Editor of The Evening World:
With regard to the Ward's Island authorities being responsible for the escape of four prisoners from me white in charge of the ferry there, I wish to state that the only person to blame was Dr. A. Trautman, Medical Superintendent, as I was unable to procure a lock and chain to secure the 'guard boat' without his signature, which he refused, though his attention had been called to the matter by Dr. Bond, who foresaw the facility with which a patient or prisoner might escape while this boat was insecure. Yours very truly, Superintendent, as I was unable to procure

New York, Sept. 11.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



Young Lady (wishing to be affable)-Aunty, can Respectable Colored Matron-I am't yo' funty; Pa yo' ekul! (equal).

A Drop Too Much. [From the Burlington Free Press.] Smith, of Kansas, just returned from the Easthear that our old friend Culpepper is dead. What was the matter ? Hobinson—A drop too much. Smith—L'quor, ch ? I always' said it would kin

The End. [From the Philadelphia Record.]
She (on seaside verands)—My own precions daring, to-morrow we must part. He (peroleally)-I know it, light of my life, I

Robinson-No, it wasn't liquor; it was the gal-

know it. "Yes, precious, the season is over. Good-by, my love, good-by forever." Contradictory. (From Barper's Basar.)
That was a contradictory sort of an effusion written by a discharged clerk to his former employers:

Ros of Dos.

GENTLEMEN: You are no gentlemen. Respectfully yours,

JOHN SMITH. Tired All Over

Is the expression a lady used to describing her condition before using Hood's flaresparills. This preparation is wonderfully adapted for weakened or low state of the system. It to mas the whole body, overcomes that true tooling, gives purity and vitality to the bised, and clears

BOYS' FALL CLOTHES.

Our motto is "The highest standard of wear in Boys' and Children's Suits," but we keep the prices down, that's the point.

Besides this we've made a bargain table of small-boy suits at \$4.00. Any age under 10.

These comprise everything, including Blue Tricot and Corkscrews.

Hackett, Carhart & Co.,

CLOTHING, N. E. Cor. Canal St. and B'way.

Query.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? Few of Many Letters on This Interestins

o the Editor of The Evening World: If I am allowed, I will meekly suggest that the key to domestic happiness is tact. Here is my own experience. Being married almost five years, only last week did I learn my mistake. Through all these years, when various troubles and disappointments beset me, I firmly closed my mouth and let the I would express my opinion in language the reverse of child-like and bland, but seldom reverse of child-like and bland, but seldom with any obvious effect on my stubborn Lot. (I wonder if lottery originated and came down to us because of the powerful bad lot Lot and his family were?) Well, this special day, my husband and I were invited to dine at the house of one of my intimate friends. On the day appointed, when my better-half did not appear at noon, as was his usual custom, I was fairly satisfied he intended to keep out of the way of persuamons until too late under plea of business, and that we, or he, would not be likely to feast under any vine or fig tree save our own. However, I donned my holiday attree at 4 o'clock and went down to Lot's place of business. He was apparently very busy, so I took a book and calmly waited, seing clearly the guilty conscience in various impatient and needless motions until about 5 o'clock, when I was not surprised to hear: "Imprimus, I am not going out this evening." My husband is nothing if not intellectual, seldom condescending to joke of pun except in Latin or Greek. Of course, as I knew I would enjoy myself, my throat filled up, but, according to custom. I choked back my emotion and said: "Very well." In a few moments Lot arose, remarking, "I am ready to go home, now." We were sotually passing out of the office door, when the thought flashed across me: "Cry, let him see you cry." I turned around, with a little quiver of my mouth and two large tears conveniently falling on my cheeks. One look of amazement, one of contrition, and tact had conquered, and ever since Lot's expressions of affection have been soul-reviving. with any obvious effect on my stubborn Lot.

A Resente View.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The ample correspondence occasioned by
"A Wife's" letter to the effect that "marriage is a failure," must amuse many already in that happy state, and, on the other hand incite not a few to fear and trembling who are contemplating to take for better, for worse, like Tommy Traddles, their "dearest girl." To the point; marriage is not a failure, never was and never will be. Those who saw Mary Anderson as Parthenia and heard her whisper to her savage lover what love and marriage mean—"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one"—must comprehend their significance. Marriage is heir to some ills, but they must be ignored. Were it all happiness and sunshine, how wofully dreary it would become. "For better, for worse"—these are the terms to remember well, and then all difficulties should vanish into thin air. incite not a few to fear and trembling who

" A Matter of the Heart." Marriage not a success! Why, Mr. Editor.

marriage isn't an invention, an idea or a philosophy. It is altogether a matter of the heart. As long as there hearts it must be a success, even if the majority stumble and never reach the rosy sunshine of felicity. That joyful condition is ever just before them, within easy reach, if, joining hearts as well as hands, they make an effort to reach it.